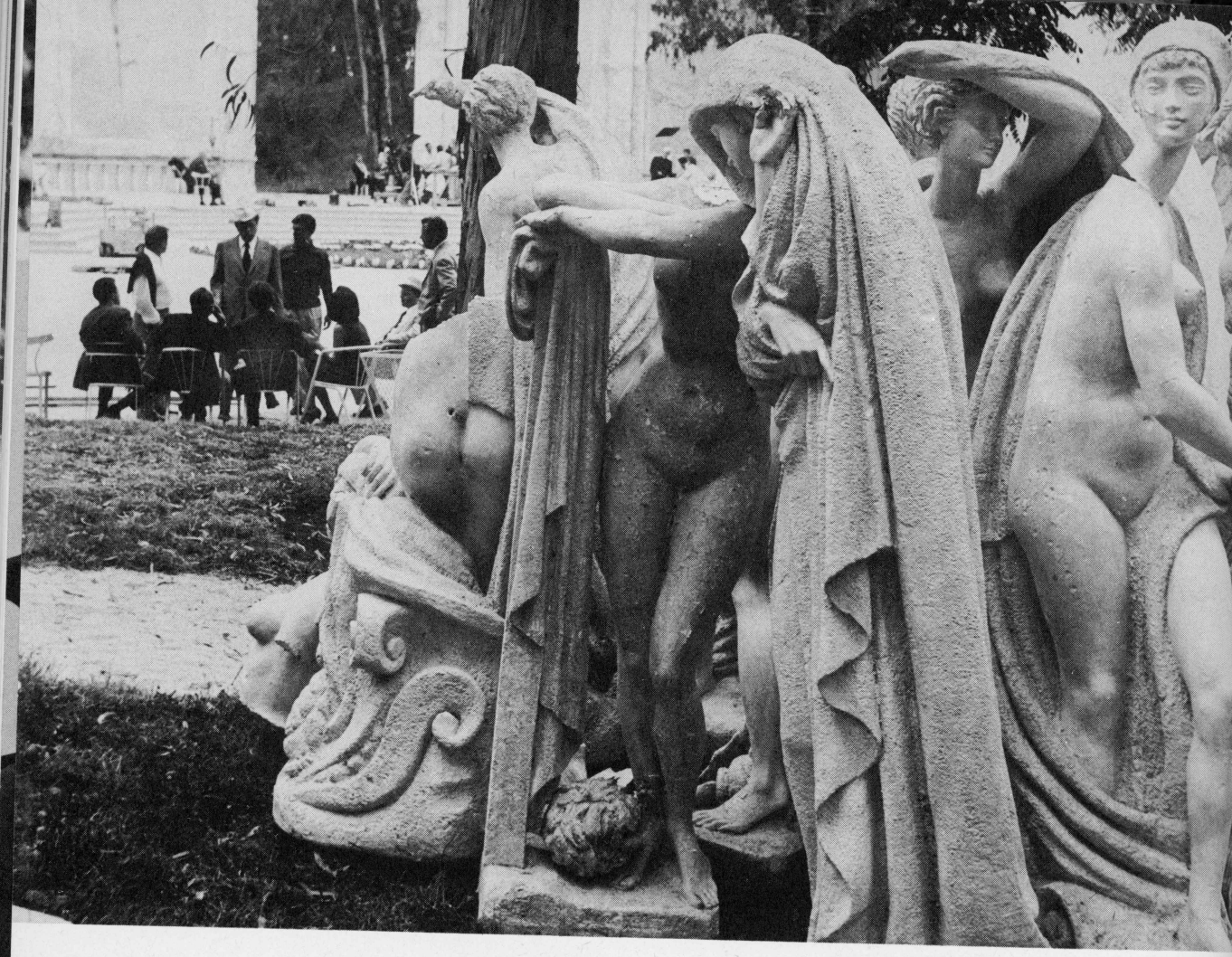

Last days at the woods: far in the background, on the platform, the scene between the cardinal and Guido. To the left, a parley between Whirlwind, seated, and Gherardi, in a white hat

of digging the legs of his wrought-iron chair deep into the gravel. He studies the sky through a special glass, watching for the precise moment when the combination of sun and cloud will have produced the same intensity and quality of light with which he began the sequence. In a minute or two he will call: "Almost, Federico. *Pronti!*"

During the wait, I fall into conversation with a retired naval com-